WEEKLY MONITOR.

VOL. I. No. 14.

TO PLAN THE LABORS OF DOMESTIC EASE.....BENEATH THE SACRED SHADE OF GENTLE PEACE.
PLEDG'D TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY.....I FOLLOW TRUTH WHERE E'ER IT LEADS THE WAY.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, NINTH MONTH 15, 1804.

ESSAYS.

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

ON THE SUBJECT OF SUPERFLUITIES.

The extravagant use of the means of human subsistence and comfort, constitutes *luxury*; and having its root in selfishness, has ever been stamped as an odious vice. But the gratification of every superfluous want, it is clear, participates in this vice, and may well enough be denominated a luxurious indulgence.

Economy has been said to be the source of beneficence; and there may be even a parsimony upon virtuous principles. A man of benevolence may husband his wealth, as well as the miser; but it is confessed with very different views. They are equally ready to gather in,—but then the one dissipates in acts of charity and munificence, whilst the other hoards his treasures. There is further this difference between them; that as one gathers and expends upon virtuous principle, and so is ever held within the limits of honesty and virtue,—the other is often profligate and oppressive both in getting and in imparting his money.

It was a lively observation of Seneca, an ancient heathen, that to see a good man bravely struggling against the downward current of an adverse fortune, was a sight upon which the gods looked down with pleasure; and to a humane and feeling mind, it can never be an uninteresting spectacle. The first thought that strikes, is of the virtue of the exhibition; the second is, to bring relief. If pecuniary aid be needed, a man possessing such a mind, now finds himself engaged to consider, if never before, how much he has more, than he really wants; and that he may be able to extend his charity, he narrowly watches the outlet of every superfluous expenditure. He perceives that there are other superfluities to which the inconsiderate mind of man is prone, that those grosser ones, that are apparent to every observer.

There is a refined superfluity, that the reasoning faculty of man may long contend for; but which is manifest, when humane sympathy calls down the soaring mind to participate in the pains and privations of the lowly laboring lot. To relieve these privations by fellow-feeling and regard is to diffuse a happy and peaceful content; and exceedingly cements the brotherly friendship, which is so becoming our state. It becomes the sweetening bond of social harmony; and the delight that accompanies its diffusion, prompts us to husband our means of charitable munificence. For all parties participate in the enjoyment,—the obligers and the obliged; and something is felt like "the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace."

How superior is the display of this glorious "good will toward men," to the savage ferocity of wild and uncultivated nature. Whilst the barbarian, in cruel, jealous, and violent animosity, seeks the destruction and oppression of his fellow-man, the civilized and improved Christian, beams with the glow of benevolence, and regrets, nay mourns, that such should be the fact, that,

> "Man's inhumanity to man,
> Makes countless thousands mourn."
>
> BURNS.

It is easy to see, that in this benevolence, is contained the principle, that in its universal, prevalence, must entirely do away wars from among men. It not only aims to do no hurt, but absolutely good, to all men. That selfishness, or as the Apostle says, those "lusts," that are the root of wars, have no place, in a breast filled with a benevolence like this. To live in it then, and extend its influence, is the duty of every thinking man; and such will find a beauty, and necessity in a rigid economy, which whilst it allows of all the comforts and conveniencies of life, forbids the indulgence of luxury, and lays unrelentingly the retrenching kife, upon every superfluous want. He will place the subject in this important view; he will consider every superfluity as absolutely so far, *drying up* the *spring* of charity.

This Christian sympathy and regard, whose end is so eminently peace, was taught us by the Prince of Peace, the blessed Jesus; who has passed the sentence of condemnation, on every species of superfluity, when he bade them, "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost."

BENEZET.

REFLECTIONS ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

> The beauties of the face despise,
> And *mnetal* beauties only prize.

IT is observed by a very great writer, that persons who are deformed, commonly take pains to cultivate their minds, in order to recommend themselves to the world by the shining qualities of the understanding; and to take off the bad impressions we may receive from the uncouthness of their figure. It may also be observed too truly, that women of remarkable beauty are often so fully satisfied with their outward excellencies, that they totally neglect the improvement of their minds. They are apt to consider

beauty as the *only* qualification requisite in their sex; and since they are endowed with it in such an eminent degree, they look down with disdain on females, less happy in the charms of their persons.

Beauty has undoubtedly great influence over the hearts of men, but wherever it is over-run with affectation and conceit, our admiration will soon be turned into disgust; while women with features but tolerably agreeable, set off with good sense and good humour, will captivate the hearts of worthier men, and more effectually secure their constancy.

Miss B—— was a lady endowed with most exquisite beauty, and her person was perfectly handsome; yet the misfortune of it was, that she was too sensible of her external charms. She would walk for hours together in the Mall, and pride herself highly in the contemptible train of coxcombs who dangled by her side; all their compliments, civilities, and encomiums, she looked upon as matters of fact, though every one else knew they were words of course. If she smiled at one, winked at another, or nodded her head at a third, she fondly believed she was conferring a lasting obligation; and assumed such an air of superiority over all the rest of her sex, that one would be induced to believe, she expected mankind in general to fall down and worship her.

Such behaviour caused her to be utterly despised by all men of good sense and sound understanding; and she had the mortification at last to find, that all the empty puppies who had once professed such esteem for her, and had offered up so many sacrifices of adulation to her beauty, deserted and despised her; and she became a contemptible dupe to those very charms, which had led her to dupe so many. She found, too late, that most men are of the opinion of Juba, in the tragedy of Cato, where the author makes him say,

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

It is very obvious, however, that if Miss B—— had paid more attention to the cultivation of her mind, and spent less time in ornamenting her person, she might have shared all the sweets and happiness this world could have afforded her; she might have been united to a man of sense, worth, and fortune; she might have been loved and cherished by a most endearing husband; and blessed with a little family of dutiful and respectful children. Whereas, on the contrary, her ridiculous conduct has driven her into obscurity, where she must forever lament the extravagance of her former folly and glaring indiscretion.

From the fate of this lady, therefore, let all the sex take warning; and remember, that Providence has bestowed upon them an *inward* mirror, [Conscience] whereby they may adorn their minds, and regulate every action of their lives, with as much ease as they adjust the dress by means of a common looking-glass. Nothing is a stronger instance of the goodness of the great Creator, than that delicate inward feeling, so strongly impressed upon every reasonable creature.

This internal monitor, if duly attended to, and diligently cherished and kept alive, would check the coquette in her ridiculous carreer, and make her look back with contempt upon all her vain and frivolous pursuits.

Beauties in vain their sparkling eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but *merit* wins the soul.

EARLY ATTACHMENTS.

To the Editor of the Weekly Monitor.

Happening to see a publication in one of the last numbers of your paper on the subject of early marriages, I am induced to offer a few remarks on the precedent of them, which clearly should be early attachments.

The necessary pursuits of young persons should be diversified by pleasing gratifications and laudable indulgencies, where a steady and upright conduct is pursued. It appears to me that early attachments, formed by those heated and impetuous passions, which too commonly prevail in young minds, cannot be founded but on external attractions possessed by the object, seeking a gratification of the senses, for the moment, and by not being grounded on esteem, will eventually consume themselves by satiety, and seek relief in novelty. If it is allowed that a young man is capable of conceiving a passion, guided by virtue, and as it should be, susceptible of impressions from all the excellent and soft qualities of our nature, so early an attention to such a pursuit will render him liable in a great measure, to be unmindful of his engagements in whatever occupation in life he may have entered, and make him neglectful of rational and literary pursuits. His health also might materially be effected. A proper and reasonable communication between the sexes, is productive of advantage to both, but the consequences which may result from young persons giving themselves up to an improper passion of this kind, when it is so unauthorised by any reasonable pretensions, are incalculable, and may render both parties unhappy throughout their lives. It must be allowed, that, as we advance in age, and observe a proper care and attention, in examining and informing ourselves, of what is requisite to our welfare, we shall be more capable of acting in a becoming manner, and to the satisfaction of our friends. And why should we not defer, for a necessary time, so solemn and important an event, as an attachment which will effect the whole of the subsequent part of our lives, till our judgment be improved by reason and experience, and less prone to error. We shall by such a delay, be more capable of performing, with suitable dignity, the requisite duties of the station to which such an attachment leads, and have a better chance for that happiness in the married state, which consists in the more solid basis of mature and virtuous love, tending to expand and elevate our souls, and advance us nearer to that haven, which, by a just conduct in this world should be our endeavor to arrive at.

A Young Man.

ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

JEMIMA WILKINSON.

(Concluded from our last.)

And now Jemima appeared once more at the door of her room, and conversed with us, seated in an arm chair. When strangers are with her, she never comes over the threshold of her bed-room; and when by herself, she is constantly engaged in deliberation how to improve the demesne of her friend. The house was, this day, very full. Our company consisted of exactly ten persons; after us dined another company of the same number; and as many more dined in the kitchen. Our plates as well as the table linen, were perfectly clean and neat; our repast, although frugal, was yet better in quality than any of which we had partaken since we had left Philadelphia; it consisted of good fresh meat, with pudding, an excellent sallad, and a beverage of peculiar yet charming flavor, with which we were plentifully supplied out of

Jemima's apartment, where it was prepared. The devout guests observed, all this while, a profound silence; they either cast down their eyes, or lifted them up to heaven with a rapturous sigh; to me they appeared not unlike a party of the faithful, in the primitive ages, dining in a church. The all-friend, had by this time exchanged her former dress, for that of a fine Indian lady, which, however, was cut out in the same fashion as the former. Her hair and eyebrows had again been combed. She did not utter a single syllable respecting our dinner; nor did she make any apology for her absence. Constantly engaged in personating the part she had assumed, she descanted in a sanctimonious, mystic tone, on death, and on the happiness of having been an useful instrument to others in the way of their salvation. She afterwards gave us a rhapsody of prophecies to read, ascribed to one Dr. Love, who was beheaded in Cromwell's time; wherein she clearly discerned, according to her accounts, the French revolution, the decline and downfall of popery, and the impending end of the world. Finding, however, that this conversation was but ill adapted to engage our attention, she cut short her harangue at once.

We had, indeed, already seen more than enough to estimate the character of this bad actress, whose pretended sanctity only inspired us with contempt and disgust, and who is altogether incapable of imposing upon any person of common understanding, unless those of the most simple minds, or downright enthusiasts. Her speeches are so strongly contradicted by the tenor of her actions; her whole conduct; her expense compared to that of other families within a circumference of fifty miles; her way of living, and her dress, form such a striking contrast with her harangues on the subject of condemning earthly enjoyments; and the extreme assiduity with which she is continually endeavouring to induce children, over whom she has any influence, to leave their parents, and form a part of her community; all those particulars so strongly militate against the doctrine of peace and universal love, which she is incessantly preaching, that we were all actually struck with abhorrence of her duplicity and hypocricy, as soon as the first emotions of our curiosity subsided. Her fraudulent conduct, indeed, has been discovered by so many persons, and so much has been said against it, that it is difficult to account for her having had any adherents at all, even for a short time. And yet she will probably retain a sufficient number, to increase still further a fortune, which is already considerable for the country in which she resides, and fully adequate to the only end which she now seems anxious to attain; namely, to live independent, in a decent, plentiful, and even elegant manner. There are so many weak-minded religionists, and Jemima is so particularly careful to select her disciples among persons who are either very old or very young, that her imposture, however gross and palpable to the discerning, may yet be carried on for some time with success, sufficient to answer her ultimate purpose. If her credit should sink too low, she would find herself constrained to transplant her holiness to some other region; and, in fact, she had, last year, harbored the design of removing her family and establishment, and of settling in Carlton Island, on the lake of Ontario, where she would enjoy the satisfaction of living under the English government, which, by her account has offered her a grant of land."

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

THE depravity so obvious in many of the children who are seen in the streets of Philadelphia, is very affecting to a feeling mind. Some of those children have been so neglected that they seem to have but little sense of good: their flexible minds are so frequently exposed to the morbid excitement of vice, that the most inveterate and ruinous habits are likely to be established.

Saint Pierre, speaking of the ultimate corruption of human society, says, that "children protract and put off that period, by the introduction of new and untainted souls. It requires a long apprenticeship to inspire them with a taste for our passions and extravagancies. New generations resemble the dews and the rains of heaven, which refresh the waters of rivers, slakened in their course, and tending to corruption; change the sources of a river, and you will change it in the stream; change the education of a people, and you will change their character and their manners."

Of what importance is it then, to form the minds of children to piety and virtue? On the contrary, how gloomy the prospect of an immense accession of "children that are corrupters" to the succeeding generation? When parents begin early, and are sedulous in their endeavours to form the minds of their tender offspring to good, they will seldom be known to deviate therefrom in all the vicissitudes of future life. A very extraordinary example of this is furnished in the authentic history of the life of Maintenon, a French lady, which we offer to our readers. By the force of a strict and pious education, given her by her careful mother, while in a state of humble poverty, she was afterwards, by the grace of God assisting, enabled to withstand the torrent of temptation in the most dissolute court upon earth; and was promoted to the utmost height of honour and happiness.

.....

MADAME DE MAINTENON,

MAIDEN name Frances de Aubigne, was born in the prison of the Conciegerie of Niort, where her father the Baron Constans d'Aubigne, was confined on the 27th of November 1635. D'Aubigne was afterwards removed to Chateautrompette, where his little daughter was educated, and who, after having experienced all the cruelty of fortune, was destined to enjoy its highest favours. Her mother Madame d'Aubigne, at length obtained her husband's enlargement, but it was upon condition of his turning Roman catholic. D'Aubigne promised all, forgot his promise, and for fear of being exposed to new troubles, determined to seek in America that ease and good fortune he could not find in his own country, and accordingly embarked, with his wife and two of his children. His daughter Frances was seized with a dangerous distemper in this voyage, and was reduced to such extremity, that she remained without any sign of life. Her mother held her in her arms, and wept and lamented over her, laid her in her bosom to warm her, if possible, into sense and motion; but all was in vain. The Baron wearied with her cries and groans, snatched from her arms the child, whose death and presence caused and irritated her afflictions. A sailor stood ready to throw the body into the sea, and were preparing to fire the guns, when Madame d'Aubigne, desiring that a last kiss might be allowed her, laid her hand on the child's heart, and, feeling some motion, insisted that she was not dead; and accordingly the child after some time recovered. D'Aubigne settled in Martinico, and acquired very considerable plantations there. His first labours were so successful there, that his wife was attended by twenty-four

negro women. Madame d'Aubigne returning into France to carry on some lawsuits, when she came to America, found her husband had lost all he was worth at the gaming table. She now applied herself, with unwearied assiduity, to the education of her children; happily for them, she was poor enough to take this trouble upon herself. She was more particularly attached to Frances, her daughter, in whom she discovered great abilities, and more conformity with her own disposition. Her example was the best lesson of virtue; she supported every reverse of fortune with courage, and the vices of her husband with indulgence. This truly admirable mother made her read Plutarch's Lives, a book calculated to inspire virtue, and to form the judgement. That she might subdue her excessive timidity, and give her a habit of reasoning and reflection, she obliged her to relate the substance of what she read during the day, and prescribed to her little compositions: by which means she soon wrote with great ease and eloquence. The death of the Baron d'Aubigne threw the family into a deplorable situation; he had obtained a small military employment, and by this they had been supported. Age had cured him of his vices, and he resolved, in earnest, to make some provision for his children. Madame d'Aubigne returned to France, where she supported herself by the labour of her hands, while she waited for the decision of her lawsuit, which, at her return from Martinico, she went to Paris to attend; she had found her estates sold, and the money dissipated by her creditors and her husband's relations.——She pleaded her right to the Barony of Surineau, and endeavoured to recover several sums the court was indebted to her husband's family; but the superintendant of the finances would not hear her. During these transactions, Madame de Nuiellant placed Mademoiselle d'Aubigne in the convent of the Ursalines, in the street of St. Jacques, where the sweetness of her manners, and obliging behavior, so charmed the nuns and pensioners of that convent, that it was easy to judge, from thence, to what a degree she was capable of pleasing. At that time there was in France an Abbe, full of wit, of infirmities, and gaiety, whom it was usual for persons of curiosity to visit, at first as a rarity, and to repeat their visits as the most diverting man upon earth. His head was always hanging upon his breast, his legs always drawn up, occasioned by a contraction of the nerves, gave him the form of the letter Z; he used to write upon his knees, or upon two steel brackets fastened to the arms of his easy chair. The beauty of his mind abundantly compensated for the deformity of his body. He had a heart capable of the warmest friendship; a lively imagination, which painted every thing to him in grotesque; and great patience under his affliction: He was poor without discontent, satirical without malice, indolent without negligence, and angry without resentment. Scaron was the son of a rich Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris; he had been persecuted by a cruel and avaricious stepmother, who, after making sure of one part of the father's estate, took measures to appropriate the other also to herself. Poor Scaron was sacrificed to the peace of his family by the counsellor, who was the best man, but not the best father in the world, and was obliged to enter into a profession, of which the advantages may be enjoyed, without practising the virtues, or suffering the fatigues. Full of fire and vivacity, blessed with an inexhaustible fund of humour in conversation, low of stature, but well made, he took up his residence in the gardens of Paris, a quarter which at all times has been inhabited by families devoted to joy and festivity; where life rolled away in the amusements of ingenious idleness. Without sobriety, without temperance, without moderation, greedy of pleasures of every kind, Scaron lived rapidly; and at five and twenty years of age, was informed, by long and dangerous disorders, that his constitution was very weak; but this knowledge, instead of fixing him in the regimen which would have restored him to health, only furnished him with matter for a piece of humour, of which any other wit, in the exuberance of health, would hardly have been capable. At length, a party of pleasure "took away those legs which had danced so well, those hands which could paint and play on the lute; in a word a body dexterous and well made." He went to pass the carnival at his canonship. In Mans, as in the greater part of the cities of Provence, the carnaval is closed by public masquerades. The Abbe Scaron was resolved to be there, but knew not under what disguise he should conceal himself; he had the singularity of his character and the decency of his condition at once to preserve, the church and burlesque. He plaistered his body all over with honey, ripped open a feather bed and rolled himself in it, and thus transformed he flew to the masquerade, and drew the attention of the company entirely upon himself. The women crowded about him; some fled, frightened at his appearance; others despoiled him of his feathers; all united against him; and in a very short time, the beau in a mask had more the air of a canon than an Indian. At this discovery the people pressed upon him, and exclaimed against the scandal given to the church. Scaron at length disengaged himself from the crowd; the honey with which he had annointed himself, and the feathers which still stuck upon his body, became very troublesome. He found a bridge in his way, he jumped over it heroically, and swimming to the opposite bank, lay down among the reeds to conceal himself. His natural heat was extinguished, a piercing cold penetrated into his veins, and fixed in his blood the principles of those disorders which afterwards overwhelmed him. A sharp humour fell upon his nerves, and baffled all the skill of the physicians. The sciatica, gout, rheumatism, sometimes seized him successively, and sometimes all at once, and rendered the young Abbe an epitome of human misery. He was no longer able to frequent those agreeable assemblies, where conversations, which his wit had often enlivened, might have given some relief to his pains. He consoled himself, for the deprivation of those pleasures, by throwing his thoughts upon paper; thoughts which were sometimes full of native simplicity, and always humorous.—Indolence had made him an ecclesiatic; solitude and weariness made him an author. The stoic, in the midst of sufferings says great things; Scaron alone, in such circumstances, was capable of writing humourous ones; pain, which to other men is the source of grief and complaint only heightened his humour and pointed his wit. He had formed a scheme for going to America, with Segrais, and some other wits; flattering himself that the warmth of the climate, and light aliments, would restore him to his health. Madame d'Aubigne was preparing to return to Poictou, when Madame de Neuillant, who lived in the street of St. Lewis, and in the neigbourhood of the Abbe Scaron, mentioned to her two persons who had resided a long time at Martinico, and offered to take her to visit them. Mademoiselle d'Aubigne went with them; her gown was too short, and, sensible of this impropriety

in her dress, she blushed as she entered the room, and afterwards wept, because she had blushed. All the company was moved with the graces and agreeable confusion of so lovely a girl, and Scaron himself was greatly affected. This visit of curiosity soon drew on an intimate connection; Madame d'Aubigne did not scruple to go often to a house where she had an opportunity of making friends and protectors. The Abbe Scaron declared that the air of Paris, while Madame d'Aubigne was there, would be of advantage to his health; and all those persons, who composed the little assembly which met at his house, made a thousand offers of service to the mother, that he might for a longer time enjoy the presence of the daughter. Mad. d'Aubigne, finding that her law-suit was not likely to be soon determined, came to a compromise with her adversary, who was to continue in possession of the estate, on condition of allowing her a pension of two hundred livres a year. Her grief, at being thus forced to give up the just claims of her children, was so great, that it brought on an illness, of which she died soon after. The only advice she gave her daughter on taking her last leave, was to act in such a manner, as fearing all things from men, and hoping all from God. Mademoiselle d'Aubigne shut herself up for three months in a little lodging at Niort, more engrossed by her grief for the loss of her mother, than by reflections on her unhappy situation. This young lady was bashful, timid, spoke little, her thoughts seeming all employed on her misfortunes; but her return to Paris took away that extreme bashfulness, and the Chevalier de Mere, who had obtained Madame de Neuillant's permission to the preceptor to his fair kinswoman, brought her into notice. It was from him that Mademoiselle d'Aubigne received the first lessons of polite life. He represented his scholar, in all companies, as a prodigy of understanding and wit. Every one was desirous of seeing her; and those, who had once seen her, sought eagerly to see her again. Mademoiselle d'Aubigne, while a child, was followed, admired, and courted, as if she had been a woman; and enjoyed a high reputation, under the name of the Fair American. She often went with Madame de Neuillant to visit the Abbe Scaron, who maintained, that the fair American belonged only to a man who was going to America. He did not, however, yet seriously aspire to this prize; he was touched with the misfortunes of the lovely orphan, doubtless, because they brought his own to his remembrance.

(to be continued.)

MORAL AND USEFUL.

FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCE.

A SEA captain going a foreign voyage, was requested by a number of ladies of his acquaintance, to purchase them silks; and they gave him their memorandums; but, *except one*, inclosed him no money. After returning from the voyage, the ladies waited on him, and inquired whether the silks were bought. "No," replied the captain, "An unlucky accident put it out of my power to oblige you: As soon as we had arrived within sight of port, I took out your memorandums and laid them on the binnacle, that I might arrange them in some proper order; when a sudden gust of wind swept them off and scattered them over the water." "That was very odd indeed," exclaimed one of the ladies, in an angry tone; "however, you had the kindness to purchase for Mrs. —— the silk she sent for." "True," replied the captain, "I purchased silk for Mrs. ——; which was owing to a peculiarly fortunate circumstance; for she had the precaution to enclose a number of guineas, which, by their weight, saved her memorandum from blowing away with the others."

IMPORTANT RESUSCITATION.

In a late Connecticut paper, we notice a publication signed by Mr. Solomon Rockwell, of a method he used, by ashes, of restoring a drowned child to life.—It is worthy of particular notice. The following is the conclusion of Mr. R's account:—"On Monday, the ninth of July, a child of Mr. Caleb Munson, about fifteen months old, was taken out of the water apparently dead. From the place where it fell in, it had floated down the stream about sixty feet, in a swift current through a gate-hole in the bottom of the mill trough, where the water falls six feet, and was found lodged in trash under water. It must have been in the water at least fifteen minutes, and it was the universal opinion of those present, that any attempt whatever, to restore it to life, would be totally unavailing. I, however, determined to try the experiment of ashes: accordingly had his clothes taken off, spread some warm ashes taken from the fire-place, on flannel, and wrapped the child in the flannel, with the ashes next its skin; ordered tobacco smoak to be injected into his body, and soon applied an addition of hot ashes directly on his bowels. After opperating in this way eight or ten minutes, together with blowing into his mouth, to the astonishment of all present, signs of life began to appear—water in large quantities issued from his mouth. A portion of physic was given him in about two hours, and in twenty-four hours he was able to walk, and is now entirely recovered. This successful experiment ought to operate as a caution to all who read the account, not to abandon too hastily to fate, those who are so unfortunate as to be drowned, but to make trial of the most approved means, in circumstances, wherein is the least possibility of success—for it is better to make an experiment on ninety-nine persons, and fail of success, than suffer one to perish, who might be restored to life."

Caution against Cropping Corn-stalks at too early a period.

The kernels of Indian Corn, receive their nourishment, as well from the stalk above, as from the stock and root below the ear; and they continue to be nourished in a measure from the stalk until they are nearly ripe: therefore by cutting down the upper stalks of Indian Corn prematurely, the crop must be essentially injured.

A man in the neighbourhood of this place, who had, the present year, a small field of Indian Corn, of promising appearance, happening to crop off the corn-stalks while the plants were in too green a state, the consequence was, that the grain became remarkably shrivelled, and probably fell short one quarter or one third of the weight and substance, which it might otherwise have had.

It is the opinion of some farmers that if the upper stalks of Indian Corn were not cropped at all, the superior weight of the grain would more than compensate for the loss of the fodder.

THOUGHTS ON WAR.

Notwithstanding the fashionable and philosophical pretensions of the age, mankind, in its present state of political improvement, is very far from either real or rational *civilization*. In vain do

men presume upon mental refinement, where the evil passions of the soul, so far from being meliorated or subdued, are only subtilized in evil, and rendered more insinuating in baseness, under the disguise or dissimulation of outward forms. What, for instance, is the spirit of war, carried on between the most *polite European* nations, but the spirit of *Goths* and *Vandals*, of ruffians and barbarians, excited by pride, malice, and coveteousness, thirsting for superiority, plunder and blood, and exulting in the accomplishment of those horrid and inhuman pursuits, which reason as well as religion, must shudder at and deplore? Can the people of *New-Zealand*, can *Hottentots* or Caffres, do more?—They cannot do so much. The destruction they make, is neither so deep-laid, nor so wide-wasting. Who then, are the greatest *savages*; those who, with one poor design, make war for its simple accomplishment; or those who, with all the malice and refined subtlety of devils, and with all the covetous, proud, envious, and malicious passions and purposes of the basest natures, make havock of their species, and spread ruin to nations, in defiance of common reason and of common probity, and of GOD, the Judge of all? And doth the boasted civilization of the day, excepting mere words and deportment, with all the present advances in science and phylosophical speculations, lead men to execrate what is so execrable, and to abominate what in every view is so horrid and abominable. Philanthropy itself must wish, that it could. But no fallen natural principle can truly civilize a fallen heart; because no principle whatever can rise above itself.

At the same time, it is but just to say, that almost all the true civilization we do enjoy, is one of the happy effects of the promulgation of the gospel. 'Tis this which hath in some degree, humanized *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Gauls*, *Britons*, and the innumerable hordes of barbarians, which were at once the curse and the scandal of the creation; and 'tis this, which, wherever it comes, throws a natural light upon the mind, and softens in some degree the rude ferocity of manners, even when it doth not thoroughly influence and corrupt the soul.

AMUSING.

A LADY's THREAD-CASE.

The following *inside view* of a Lady's Thread-Case will probably amuse some of our readers; and possibly may be the means of exciting some of the females to overhaul their own, lest, at some unlucky moment, they meet the fate of the one described. The advertisement is copied from a late Connecticut paper.

[*West. Star.*

"FOUND,

"In the Main-street, in this city, a *Thread-Case*, containing a small sum of money, besides a complication of articles—such as silk, calico patches, a little snarl of thread, &c. a love-letter, couched in terms of high commendation of the *beauty and attractive charms of the Fair addressed*—at the same time, in a *sympathetic strain*, bewailing at her *cruel* treatment—this letter also contains a *lock of hair*—several poetical pieces, cut from news-papers; a curiously twisted silken knot, wrought, no doubt, by some visionary goddess or votaress of Cupid----or, more likely, the *cruel fair-one*, complained of in the letter, relented, and intended this *love-token* as a return for the *lock of hair*----which, out of pity to the *love-sick* swain, we hope was the case; with many other articles----the whole comprising the usual collection to be found in a lady's thread-case, being a little bit of every thing. The owner may have it, by proving property, and paying for this advertisement."

For the Weekly Monitor.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

.....

My first is what most crim'nals fear,
Though not without good cause
For sentence there they justly hear
For breach of certain laws.
My second is the merchant's term,
To express success in trade,
When by a vessel's safe return
A prosp'rous voyage is made.
And my whole if rightly chose
For contract will a term disclose.

M. R.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, *July* 17.

It appears from the recent and authentic accounts which we have received from the French coast, that the exertions of the enemy are redoubled, and the preparations nearly, if not quite complete.

The force on the French coast is immense, and ready for embarkation. We could also give most decisive reasons, why Bonaparte cannot much longer defer the expedition.

The enemy depends on his numbers; he will probably choose a calm for evading our blockading squadrons, and as the passage is short, he expects that, while one part of his flotilla is engaged; the greater part will escape into shoal water, and effect a landing. The descent will be made at several points.

We are not of opinion that Bonaparte will come in person. He will, at least, not come with the first division. On the contrary, it is more probable that he will dispatch, with the first division of the army, young, expert, and enterprising officers, who can succeed each other in the command, should any misfortune happen.

It is not so much because the Eagle is used as the ensign of Imperial Dignity, as because it is a bird of prey that it forms an appropriate emblem of the government of Bonaparte.

Several districts in Selesia and Prussia have been inundated, and forests, houses, villages, and even cities, devastated thereby; numbers of men and cattle perished.

Romelia is so infested with robbers, that the Porte finds itself under the necessity of establishing garrisons in all its great towns.

One of the last Paris papers contains the following article, dated Toulon, June 16:—"The English fleet is again in sight, and we can distinguish ten ships of the line and seven frigates. We are incessantly employed in the equipment of two ships of the line. The Superb and Bellona, that we may have a more equal force to attack our insolent foes, and expel them from the Mediterranean. But it is probable that, instead of waiting for our appearance, they will repeat their late manœvre, and owe their safety to flight."

JULY 18.

Empress Josephina's present to Sir Joseph Banks, of a superb Work on Natural History, exquisitely coloured, is doubtless valuable.—But her History of Emperor Napoleon, properly *coloured*, would have been infinitely more curious.

BALLOON.

On the 23d May, Madame Garnerin with a Russian lady, ascended in a balloon at Moscow. These ladies did not desist from the bold enterprise, though at the instant a thunder storm, with hail

and lightning, made it very hazardous. A quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, they ascended 5,500 feet.---- They heard in the air thunder every where around them, and felt the effect of the electric fluid in the atmosphere, which was full of clouds and rain, and agitated by the wind. They descended 26 werstes from Moscow, not without great danger: The Russian lady received a severe contusion, by coming against a tree. As the balloon was become very heavy, from the rain, the female æronauts had been obliged to throw away all their instruments, even the parachute, and when they touched the ground, only ten pounds ballast remained.

NATCHEZ, *August* 14.

By a gentleman arrived here yesterday, from the neighborhood of Bayau Sarah, we have been favored with the following information:----That Mr. Nathan Kemper, with a party of about 30 men with colours flying and horns sounding, marched from the neighborhood of the line of demarcation between this territory and West-Florida, on the 7th instant, against the fort of Baton Rouge: on their way they made prisoners of John O'Conner, Esq. (an alcade) and Capts. Hintedo and Terry.

They arrived on the following morning, about day-light near the fort. The Spanish commandant, (apprized of their intentions) had posted a piquet of eighteen or twenty men, who hailed the party as they approached: they immediately answered by a volley from their rifles, which dispersed the Spaniards, two of whom were observed to fall.

Kemper returned on the following day, with his party, to the Bayau Sarah; he has established his head-quarters near the house of a Mr. William Cobb. The following is an exact copy of a paper which is posted up at the quarters of Kemper, and at several other places through the country.

For a people to be free, it is sufficient they will it: We the undersigned citizens of West-Florida, *sendeth these presents greeting:*

Whereas the despotism under which we have groaned, has grown into an insupportable burthen, and as it is long since admitted men are born with equal rights, we the undersigned inhabitants of that part of the dominion called West-Florida, have resolved to throw off the galling yoke of tyranny, and become FREE MEN, by declaring ourselves a *free and independent people*: and by supporting with our lives and property that declaration, and we do by these presents, invite our fellow sufferers through the Province aforesaid, to repair to the standard, to aid in the effecting our common emancipation; we pledge ourselves solemnly to each other, and to our fellowmen interested in the event, to avoid, as far as practicable, the effusion of blood, (save that of o r common enemy) and in all cases shall private property be held sacred. So aoon as our emancipation is effected, we will offer ourselves to some government accustomed to freedom.

Those who set up in opposition to our operations for the purposes aforesaid, will be deemed our common enemy, the enemy of mankind, and of liberty, and will be treated accordingly.

Given under our hands on the south side of the line of Demarcation, in the Province aforesaid, this first day of Floridan Freedom—August 7th, 1804.

HYMENEAL RECORD.

" Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd."

Married, on the third instant, Mr. NATHANIEL WYLIE, Printer, to Miss SARAH MATHER, of this city.

On the eleventh, *James Trueman*, to *Mary Pearson*, both of this city.

On the twelfth, WALTER C. DAVIDS, Printer, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH HARPER, of Maryland.

OBITUARY.

On the eleventh instant, in the 58th year of his age, Frederick Woelpper, (Victualler) an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On the tenth, Capt. Thomas Wilkie, late of the American navy.

At Carlisle, (Penn.) on the thirty-first ult. William Moore, Esq. one of the Associate Judges of this county.

At the same place, on the fifth instant, Mrs. Margaret Douglass, relict of the late Mr. John Douglass, of this town.

TO LET,

A convenient Stable adequate to the accommodation of eight or ten horses, and a hay-loft capable of containing as many tons of hay.—Also,

A SHOP AND CELLAR,

Suitable for a Feed-Store. Enqire at No. 295, North Third-street,—where Boarding and Lodging, at a reasonable rate, may be had for three or four persons.

9th mo. 15th, 1804.

Just Published,

AND FOR SALE BY JOHN BIOREN,
No. 68, Chesnut-Street,

ADVICE TO MOTHERS,

On the subject of their own Health,

And on the means of promoting the Health, Strength, and Beauty of their Offspring.

By WILLIAM BUCHAN, M. D.
Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Author of " Domestic Medicine."

The work is printed on a fine fair paper, and a handsome large new type, one volume, 8vo.

Extract from the Introduction.

" The preservation of the lives of infants, was the first subject I wrote upon, at the opening of my medical career; after forty years practice; I now resume it with increased zeal and pleasure—zeal prompted by a just sense of its importance—and pleasure arising from the hope of its beneficial and lasting effects. I am sure of being listened to with attention by the tender and rational mother, while I am pointing out to her the certain means of preserving her own health, of securing the attachment of the man she holds dear, and of promoting the health, strength, and beauty of her offspring.---- She will not take alarm at the idea of medical advice, when I tell her, that my object is to enable her to do without medicine, and to obtain every desirable end without any painful sacrifice. The path along which I propose to conduct her, is plain and easy, the prospects all around are delightful, and it leads to the purest sources of happiness."

Sept. 6.

TERMS OF
THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

To subscribers living in town, Three Dollars per annum, payable in quarterly advances.

To country subscribers, who receive their papers in town, Three Dollars per annum, payable in half-yearly advances.

To those who receive them by the mail, Three Dollars, payable in advance.

☞ This paper being now enlarged to eight quarto pages, at only One Dollar per annum additional expense, the Editor expects that it will be more acceptable to his subscribers; especially as it will in future contain a summary of the news, &c. of the week, and make, at the expiration of the year, a more complete volume.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY ABRAHAM VICKERS,
At No. 77, North Third Street.

POETRY.

IL ROMITO;
OR,
THE HERMIT.

.....

Come, gentle Peace, companion mild,
Of Virtue the immortal child!
O hither come! and bring with thee,
Who loves thee well, Philosophy.
And let Religion join thy train,
And Art and Science, sisters twain,
With Meditation, pensive maid,
And Silence, daughter of the shade!
And now, sweet Peace, O let me dwell
With thee, in this secluded cell!
Nor Pride, nor Envy, knows this spot,
And Malice here pursues me not:
But here the muses still retire,
Forgetting not to bring the lyre;
And charming thought and care away,
Oft cheat me of a summer's day;
What time they sing of Sages bold,
Whose worthy deeds were fam'd of old;
What time they dwell in utter'd measures,
O Love! upon thy pains and pleasures.
'Tis mine to love the gloomy shade,
For grief and contemplation made.
Oft when the curfew tells the hour
From Gothic pile or antique tow'r,
When with the light of closing day
The ev'ning landscape fades away,
I muse by some romatic stream,
Pleased by many an idle dream;
Or in the fairy peopled grove,
When Fancy sees her phantoms rove,
I walk, and meditate alone
On gayer hours.....on pleasures gone.
But if the time my steps invite
I scale yon promontory height,
And there, upon the pointed steep
That frowns terrefic o'er the deep,
I list, while with incessant roar
Wave after wave invades the shore;
Or watch the Moon thro' ether blue
Her solitary course pursue,
While clouds, swift passing in their flight,
Now hide, and now reveal her light.
But should the tempest lift its voice,
Then is yon cavern dear my choice,
Where once, self-punish'd, on the shore
A hoary hermit liv'd of yore:
There, while disturb'd the eagle shrieks,
And the scar'd owl a covert seeks,
I mark the storm with gather'd force
Resistless rush with whirlwind course.
In hours like these, in northern isles,
Where summer cheers with transient smiles,
The hoary wizard thinks he sees
Portents, and signs, and prodigies,
And views throughout his realms of snow,
Lord of the clime.....the winter go,
Attended by aerial hosts,
By warlike troops of restless ghosts,
By spectres dire, of hideous form
And demons riding on the storm.

Or should its awe-inspiring gloom
Delay my steps at yonder tomb,
Where dying tapers dimly burn,
And grief still ponders o'er the urn;
There, sitting underneath the yew,
The sad and solemn scene I view:
And while I heave the frequent sigh,
A voice thus seems to whisper nigh:
"Ah! what avails, or youth, or health,
The boast of birth, or pride of wealth!
Ah! what is pleasure! what is power!
The dreams that charm us for an hour;
What are ye now, who toil'd for fame?
Mere dust.....a story.....and a name."

Still when the morn with purple light,
Shall chase my slumbers with the night,
Let me retire to some green bower,
Inlaid with many a blooming flower,
Where sportive zephyr oft repairs,
With odours sweet, and vernal airs;
Where Flora and Pomona bring
The gifts of autumn and of spring;
Where, flying from the solar ray,
The Nightingale resumes her lay;
Where, from the deep parental cave,
Unsullied glides the virgin wave:
'Tis then, O Muse, at thy command,
I seek thy realms of fairy-land!
And as from haunts of men I fly,
See all things with a Poet's eye.
But graver themes delight me more,
Than all that wit and fancy store;
And oft I meditate the cause
Of Nature's works, and Nature's laws.....
How fate has bound the human will.....
Whence sorrow sprang.....and why its ill.....
How passive matter is combin'd
With pure intelligence, and mind.....
How things external are perceiv'd.....
What shall be doubted.....what believ'd.

And when, at length, my sand has run,
Let Death's dread work be quickly done.
Let Solitude around my tomb
Spread dark her unrelenting gloom,
Save where recluses here repair,
With lengthen'd rosary and pray'r;
Save when Poets hither stray,
When musing on some mournful lay,
And, o'er their sorrows pausing here,
With laurels strew a brother's bier.

SABINUS.

The following pathetic lines, taken from a late English periodical publication entitled "The Pic Nic," would not dishonor the pen of MOORE himself.—How eminently beautiful are the third and fourth verses:—

EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.
(FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY.)

Why mourn ye, why strew ye those flow'rets around.
To yon new-sodded grave as you slowly advance!
In yon new-sodded grave (ever dear be the ground)
Lies the stranger we love.....the poor exile from France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe.
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance!
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow
For the stranger we lov'd.....the poor exile from France.

Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, though broken his heart;
No comfort, no hope his heart could elate,
Tho' comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
Still foremost was he, mirth and pleasure to raise;
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days!

One pleasure he knew.....in his straw cover'd shed,
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggots to trim;
One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
Which he shar'd with the poor who were poorer than him.

And when round his death bed profusely we cast
Every gift, every solace our hamlet could bring,
He blest us with sighs, which we tho't were his last
But he still had a prayer for his country and king.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep!
From the feast, from the wake, from the village green dance,
How oft shall we wander, by moonlight to weep,
O'er the stranger we lov'd.....the poor exile from France.

To the church going bride shall thy mem'ry impart,
One pang as her eyes on thy cold relics glance;
One rose from her garland, one tear from her heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile from France.

W. S

BY S. WESTLEY.

On Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster-Abbey.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shewn;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.